I consist of seven letters and am the name My 4, 5, 6, 3 is an article of food. My 1, 6, 4, 3 is a space of ground.

My 4, 1, 2 is an animal.

2, 7, 4 is to spoil. My 5, 6, 3 is frozen water. My 1, 4, 2 is a limb. My 2, 5, 6, 3 is the plural of mouse. My 2, 1, 4, 5, 7 is a girl's name.

My 6, 7, 4 is a vehicle. My 6, 4, 7, 2 fill. My 6, 4, 5, 2, 3, 7 is a place in Russia famous in history.

No. 122.-An Enigma of the Senson. My first is in egg, but not in chick. My second is in mortar, but not in brick. My shoots is in each but not in lake.

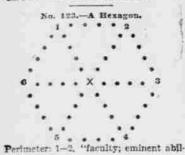
My third is in sea, but not in lake.

My fourth is in reast, but not in bake.

My fifth is in feet, but not in work.

My sixth is in sereb, but not in soak.

The name of my whole you may relate— Tis a notable festival we celebrate.



2-3, "frame of mind; to form to the proper degree of hardness,"
3-4, "the instrument with which a ship

4-5, "a fretting of the surface of water. 6-1, "to bring to pass,"

Radii: X-1, "a domestic utensil made of twigs or rushes." X-2, "a little ball used in voting." X-3, "exterior limit."

X-4, "acrid." X-5, "an encounter between contending X-6, "a vial."

No. 124.-A Useful Art.



When the missing letters have been supplied the whole will form a verse from a vell known poem by Longfellow.

L-n-, l-n-n-t-r-a-d, n-n-n-I on terro, silark; A d b sa, fobgaigea, I on a a na h b a t f f i a,

No. 126.-The Errand Boy. A negro boy was sent to carry a TOTAL to its destination, and it was hoped that he would not be so long in delivering it as the boys who could boast of a white skin; but the hope was a vain one. A gentleman saw him half an hour afterward pinning down the loosened corner of a Two on his jacket, and asked him if he had done his errand faithfully. "No, sar, not yit," he replied; "you see, boss, one two outside my jacket am ob more importance to me dan de one in my pocket."

No. 127.- Rhymed Primal Acrostic.

1. A noted buttle, England's boast; 2. An island on the English coast: artum general, brave and bold;

3. A Sparring peneral, orave and only;
4. All victors were in days of old;
5. A people, God's peculiar care;
6. A people dest to France, the fair;
7. A poet who can hours begule;
8. The famous "sorpent of the Nile;"

2. A western state we next must name; 10. A general of lasting fame;
11. One of seven hills of great renown;
12. A name beloved in Concord town;

Il. A Fiemish painter known to fame You'll give without delay his name. These initials place with care You'll see a poet's name is there,

No. 128.- Decapitations. 1. Behend desolate and leave to pass out, Mournful and leave to educate. 4. To mitigate and leave failure.
5. A weapon and leave resentment.
6. Business and leave cunning.
7. To mislead and leave a vessel.

Curtail immutation and leave a level field. Energy and leave a deep place. To measure and leave encountered, To weaken and leave giad.

An old trick which illustrates the ease with which the eyes may be deceived, is going the rounds just now. It is to measure by the eye the distance to which you must push away the central one of three silver dollars side by side, their circumference touching, so that the distance from the shall be equal to the distance apart of the outer edges of the other two coins. You will probably do as every one else doesmiddle one upward along the table until you think you have done a rash thing by pushing it so far. When you measure you will find out. It's an old perversity of the

Puniana.

Not without a vice-The carpenter. An appeal to the understanding-Wipe

A happy pare-The old fashioned apple An important measure-The golden rule.

Something that should be looked into-An old fashioned trust -Trust to luck,

Sea stories The decks. Piece and plenty-Half the pie.

Key to the Puzzler. No. 115.-A Puzzle in Figures: Tench, 43; carp, 15; reach, 90; bream, 47. No. 116 - Illustrated Rebus: To every

bird its nest is fair. No. 117.—Numerical Enigma: Wise men My up knowledge, but the mouth of the foolish is near destruction. No. 118.-Crossword: Photography.

No. 119.—Anagram: Solitariness.

No. 120.—Words Within a Word—Over-flowing: I. O. 2. Over. 3. Overflow. 4. Flow. 5. Flowing. 5. Lo. 7. Low. 8. Lowing. 9. Owing. 10. Win. 11. L. 12. In. 13. Wing.

Diamonds Imbedded in Mud. The diamond mines of Africa are four in number, the Klimberley mine proper being but one of them. It is 700 feet deep, and the 10,000 men at work in it look like pygmics. It was originally all one hill for by some gigantic volcanic action from be-low. Long before the chimney was dug a few diamonds were washed from this hill into the streams where they were discovered. At Kimberley the diamonds were imbedded in a strange, hard mud, which had to be blasted with dynamite before it could be brought up. It had to remain a year before the precious stones could be secured. We could not use crushing machines, for they would crush the diamoula. Interview in Chicago Tribune.

GRIEF.

All is over! Come away: Buried is my grief today; Seed it lieth deep and low With a name upon its breast. Hushi in quiet let it rest.

Open is it to the sky; But the grief so still doth lie In its coffined, peaceful sleep, Ne'er again to throb with pain. n, on it falls the rain.

Shielded well by sorrow's pall, What though other griefs may fall,
What though other griefs may fall,
Shall I—can I, fear them more
Than that coffined grief can fear
Clouds which fall upon its bler?
—Yankee Blade.

BREWER'S REVENGE.

While spending a winter vacation in a delightfully rural little village hidden away in the pine forests of North Carolina, I found the haunted house and solved the mystery that had enveloped it for more than a century. It had been many years since human footsteps had crossed the threshold of the ghost inhabited place, and the only companions of the spooks had been bats, owls and such vermin as feed on decay, says the Pittsburg Leader.
"Is the place really haunted?" I asked a

core of villagers.
With awkward shrugs of their shoulders and shaking of heads they answered, "There be them livin as has seen the ghosts of the old man and his pretty bride!"
"There are only two of them?"

"They walk arm and arm as if they was lovers agin. The ghost of the young man never comes at ween 'em now as he did in life!"

An old man, a pretty bride, a young man, perhaps a lover! The foundation for a tragedy; out of tragedies grow mysteries. I must learn the legend of the place.

"It's old Donald Thurston you want to year a-tellin it." said the villagers when I asked them for particulars of this mys-tery. "He's the watchman on the place for the owners, who never come a-nigh it, an wa'n't it his grandfather 'at was head overseer for the old ghost man?"

A queer old man I found Donald Thurs-

ton and a fit guardian for a haunted ruin. He lived alone in a small cabin on the place and added something to his pay by cultivating a small garden rent free. At first he was disposed to guard the ghost and mystery as a part of a sacred trust to be concealed from strangers, but as our acquaintance progressed he grew more communicative.

"Most of the people hereabouts know the story well," said the old man, "for it's been told by father to son these hundreds years, and many's the crying child as has een frightened to sleep by tales of the ghost of the pretty lady. It was my grandfather who wrote it all down, and the pa-pers I have in my tin box, where they have laid untouched these twenty years last past. The old man blamed himself for the part he had to do with it, but then he thought he was only doing his duty in warning the master, little dreaming that murder, if murder it was, would grow out of it. You may read the papers one of these days if you wish. They tell the story better than ever I could tell it."

A few days later Thurston brought out the old tin box and then watched me in silence while I read the story of the mystery of the haunted house. I will only give a synopsis of the story here, for it was a long one as written out by Allen Thurs-

ton a century ago.

Twenty years before the Revolution Martin Brewer, an old and wealthy Englishman, came over to Carolina, and by grant and purchase obtained a large tract of land lying along the Cape Fear river. On a high bluff overlooking the river he built a big stone house, modeled after the castles of the Normans. He purchased slaves, who cleared land, and in a few years a

large farm was under cultivation.
Then English and Scotch servants were brought over, the big house was furnished and made the ideal country home of an English gentleman. Among the Scotch servants was Allen Thurston, who was made overseer and manager of the place. He it was who afterward wrote the story of the subsequent mystery.

When the castlelike house was arranged to his taste, Brewer returned to Europe for a year, leaving the place in charge of his servants and slaves.

When he castlelike house was arranged still intact, and hideous looking things they were. I inspected closely, and looking into the open mouth I saw something that resembled the point of a dagger.

When he came home he brought with him a beautiful young bride. She seemed tented in her new home. He appeared fond of her, but even the servants noticed at times he seemed distrustful and vealed. In the mouths of the wooden vealed. In the mouths of the wooden to the headboard of the none of the few neighbors were ever invit-ed to the house. Except for the servants and the slaves the couple were entirely

The servants talked in whispers among come of such a mating, but for the time all went well, and the old man and the pretty young wife were happy enough so far as appearances indicated. Then the husband and master suddenly sailed away to England on important business, he said, leaving his wife and the servants in the care of his confidential manager, Allen for it."

Before the ship that was carrying Mar-tin Brewer to Eugland was out of sight of stupid to think of such things, and if you Before the ship that was carrying Marland Thurston discovered that the young wife who had been left in his care was not alone in the big bouse. As silently and That evening Cholly called. The beauti-mysteriously as a shadow of evil, a stran- ful girl by his side had been for several ger had come and taken up his abode there. The old servant and manager met him face to face in the hall one day. He acted. him face to lace in the nail one day. He had only time to see that the stranger was young and handsome, when the latter disappeared through a doorway. Thurston was startled, but said nothing. He "Why—it's a kind of puzzle—a riddle."

"Why—it's a kind of puzzle—a riddle." would watch and wait awhile.

He might have been dreaming and tried I couldn't guess? to believe that he had seen only a shadow.

A few days later, as he approached the things Could you ask me one?" spartment of his young mistress, Thurston beard voices within. One was the voice of a man. The old servant listened, but he could not make out what they were saying. "In a few moments the door of the apartment opened, and the stranger came | to give it my out. He disappeared into another room, leaving Thurston shocked and speechless. The old man kept the secret of the stranger's presence in the house from the other servants, but a few days later he went to his mistress and asked her who the man was and what he was doing there. She became strangely embarrassed and answered, "I cannot tell you now, but believe

me there is no wrong in his presence here, and for my sake say nothing about it." The old man shook his head His first duty was to his master. The next mail to England carried to the address of Brewer's solicitor in London a long letter from Thurston telling his master all about the presence of the stranger. Three months later the master came bome. He had received the letter, and to the faithful old servant he said simply: "I thank you.

You at least have been faithful." Thurston trembled for the safety of the young wife when he saw the ares or join ousy and hate that burned in the eyes his master, but he dared not warn her. To his wife Brewer did not betray his knowledge of the presence in the house of a stranger. When they met there was no sign of the shadow that had come between

Brewer brought with him from England many presents for his wife, and some more furniture for the big stone house. Among the latter articles was a strange looking. old fashioned bedstead, in which he seemed much interested, and insisted on unpackold fashioned bedstead, in which he seemed much interested, and insisted on unpacking it himself. It had been the property of one of his Norman successors, he said. The

oak, and was covered over with carvings of ancient and odd designs. At the points against which the pillows of the bed should rest had been carved the heads of two hideous looking dragons, with oper mouths and eyes of blood red beads. "I am afraid of them, take it away?"

cried the young wife, when she saw the carved dragon heads on the headboard of

her bed.
"I brought it over for you," said her husband, while a strange, cruel looking smile played about his thin lips. "But we can set it up in the little square room in the west wing of the house, if you are afraid of it."

Mrs. Brewer started at the mention of the little square room. Her husband no ticed it, and again that strange smile came

to his lips. "You can see that the servants put it there," he said, and then his wife looked

"She is hiding him in that room!" Thus ston heard the master say to himself as he

turned away. The day after the bed was put in the room one of the slaves went there for some purpose. She had scarcely crossed the threshold when, with a scream of terror that aroused the household, she turned

Thursten and his master reached the room at the same time, but before they could enter Mrs. Brewer, with a white face and a look of terror in her eyes ran by them. They followed close behind her and, lying full length on the old Norman bed, they found the handsome young stranger

"My brother! Oh, my brother, speak to me!" cried Mrs. Brewer, as she threw her self on the bed and placed her arms about the neck of the dead man. At these words a guilty, startled look passed over the face of her husband, but

only Thurston noticed it. Startling disclosures followed close on the heels of one another that day. The dead man had been murdered. A small, sharp pointed dagger had been plunged into the top of his head and had entered the brain, causing instant death. man was Mrs. Brewer's brother, who had been compelled to leave England because he was accused of a grave crime, of which he was innocent, but owing to the death of a witness he could not clearly establish his innocence.

Who committed the murder? There the mystery began in earnest. The officers of the law came, but found no clew, not even the dagger.

Two days after the funeral of her brother Mrs. Brewer went to the room where he had been killed and threw herself down on the bed, weeping bitterly. A few hours later a servant found her there dead, with the tears scarcely dry on her cheeks and the same mysterious dagger wound in the top of her hend. When the husband came and looked at

the face of his murdered wife, Thurston, who was watching, saw him tremble and turn pale, while a look of horror came into his eyes. The old servant said nothing, but from that moment he believed the master held the key to the mystery. Again the officers of the law were baffled,

and when a week later old M tin Brewer was found lying dead on the orman bed of his ancestors, with the same strange wound in the head, they declared that human hands kad not wielded the instrument of death. Then the big stone house was closed

Relatives of Brewer came from England to take possession of the property, but when ost of the old man and his prett wife appeared they went away and returned no more.

Such was the story of the tragedy of the haunted house,
"What became of the old Norman bed?" I asked of Donald Thurston when I had

read the story to the end. "It is rotting there with the old house, "Then I am going to have a look at it," I

The old man finally agreed to go with me and help me find the com that was called the chamber of death. We found it after a short search through the crumbling ruins, and there was the bed in a fair state of preservation because it had been sheltered. The dragon heas were

"Bring an ax, and I think we will clear up this mystery." I said to Thurston, and

was no one for him to be jealous of, for bed, were concealed two long, stender daggers. They were attached to a suring that was arranged so that the weigh f a person lying down on the bed w

In his mad jealousy old Martin Brewer themselves, and said that trouble would had planned a strange instrument of death. -Omaha World-Herald.

A Successful Conundrum. "Cholly has never given you a ring?" said Fiorence. "Never," said Carrie.

"And he never will until you ask him "Then I may never get one.

never pluck up courage to ask for it, you'il never get it.

weeks pledged to marry with him as soon as the business could be properly trans-

"Do you think you could ask me one that

"I don't know. I never thought of such

"I could try "
"Well, try it." "Why is the letter D like a gold ring?" Cholly puzzled his brain over the prob-lem for a long time, but was finally forced

I don't know. Why is it?" "Because," replied the maiden with a soft flush creeping up to her temples, "we cannot be wed without it." The next day Carrie had her engage-ment ring.—New York Ledger.

At first the world of the child must be a flat confusion of shapes, which it learns to interpret by the movements of its hands over the forms it sees. The vision is at first without depth, without relief, with out modeling or atmosphere. Professor Preyer's little boy, not many months old, tried to snatch the lamp in a railway carriage several feet beyond arm's length.

Those born blind who at a been restored to their sight by medical skill, and who consequently have not learned to connect sight and touch impressions, fancied all the things they saw touched their eyes. Indeed, it is one of the elementary teachings of psychology of the world comes to us through our fin-

The lion has no fingers. Neither do the cat the deg and the horse possess these necessary media to a nice discrimination its digits imprisoned in herny hoof, is in a particularly bed case. It is impossible to believe that the painting on the eye of I loved she came too late.

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lack hair and brilliant black eyes.

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of Newfoundland, has formed a small so

city to work up materials into suitable clothing for the women and children among the Nowloamiltanders who are su-

gaged in the fishing industry on the Lab

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Jacques Jasmin, a barber and poet of France, began life in extreme poverty. That the pathetic events of such a childhood must have sunk into his soul may be guessed from one incident which, in after years, he set down in his "Recollections." His grandfather, when too old and infirm to solicit alms, quietly made arrangements to be carried to an almshouse in order that he might no longer burden the family. Jasmin says: I was then ten years old. I was playing in the square with my companions, girded with a wooden sword, and I was king, but suddenly a dreadful spectacle disturbed my royalty. I saw an old man in an armehair borne along by several persons. The hearers approached, and a radical in everything pertaining to ments, until the finished product is tagued and I recognized my own grandfather. woman's progress.

In my grief I saw only him. I ran up to him in tears, threw myself on his neck and kissed him. He returned my embrace and wept. "Oh, grandfather," said I, "where are

you going? Why are you leaving our "My child," said he, "I am going to the almshouse, where all the Jasmins

He again embraced me, closed his eyes and was carried away. We followed him for some time under the trees, and then i abandoned my play and returned home, full of sorrow. In five days the dear old man quietly

breathed his last. His wallet was hong up on its usual nail in the room, but it was never used again. One of the breadwinners had departed, and the family was poorer than ever. On that Mon-I knew and felt for the first time that we were very poor. Fortune came to me years after, but for some of those

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nas, Etc. Etc. Wholesale and Estail.

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Miners and Shippers of the Celebrated Weir City Ceal. A full line of

TRY THE ARTHUR. of Wilmington, Del. At the time of Li marriage, on Dec. 10, 1880, she was the belle of the season, handsome, graceful in movement, exquisitely formed and of a

powers that were charming.

EXPOSITION ECHOES. A heroic statue of Columbus, by Louis Gaudons, will stand before the main entrance of the administration building. Mrs. Froma Walt, one of the lady man-Mrs. William Waldorf Astor has jet

dwood one of the large reception sooms Mrs. Cleveland is said to live in apprethe Woman's building cension that her little daughter will be Remenyi, the well known violin virtaceo. has made application for a space of but less than 400 square feet in which to exhibit his great collection of rare. African ethicolog-Mrs. William Kingsbury Wilde, or as ber cardsread, "Mrs. Frank Leslie Wilde," has beautiful bair, which is niways held

Queen Marguerite, of Italy, has promised o lend her unequaled and historical colthe dead. She is one of four in the United lection of laces for exhibition in the world. Her name an's building, and has evinced strong per sonal interest to the exposition. W. L. Libby & Sons, of Toledo, intend

which the manufacture of cut glass can be seen from the formers, on through the enting, finishing and decerting departardent meman suffragist, a theosophist Baroneus Burdett-Contis clings to the Rhode island's building at the fair will combine the features of the "old stone plete, mill" at Newport, which is of unknown. In T old fashioned idea that black is an unincky color to wear at a wedding. Her favorite wedding gown is a bright sapphire bine velver, with a wonderful mixture of fellow's "Skeleton in Armor," and these feathers and fur as headgear.

of the "Around," a building in Providence

One of the most resplendent gems in the erected about sixty-five years ago. wel case of Mrs. Hammond, wife of the E. Seyderheim, hortieniturist to the emperor of Ametria, has written from Euda-Peach that he will contribute to the exposurgeon general, is a superb white sap-Peach that he will contribute to the exposes any of the king a wives, and should be sition's floral display a collection of the even accidentally see one his punishment phire, the only one in America. It is worn as a pendant, and ours adorned the hilt of rarest roses, embracing 300 standard, 300 half stanjaged tree roses and 400 pure Lady O'Brien, the wife of the governor

The Administration building requires only 4,500 lights of glass, yet it will present finer artistic effects in glaring than will any other structure. The climax of orna-mental glaring will be seen in a great cell-ing such in the mammach dome, 200 feet we the floor of the rotunds. This will of beautifully contrasted colors.

FLOWER AND TREE

keen insight and logical reasoning that would, if she were a man give her a high From the American also tree is made Mrs. James A. Hetherington, wife of Lieuterant Hetherington, who killed Banker Robinson in Yokohama, is a native

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grass ground will keep tonger than the same fruit grown on cuitivated land.

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of the vegetables themselves. The ex-

tremely fine dew, as a rule, is atmos-

pheric, but the larger drops which we find on the margins of leaves are, in general, exudations from the plant tissues. The Japanese art of making ministure gardens conclute chiefly in starving the plants. Furguson, who was among the first English adventurers to visit China and Japan, saw at Canton "a boxe about the biguies of a ladyes snuffebox, which did contain a littyl dirt and sixteen tiny little trees, foure of which were in full blow, the whole boxe, trees and all, so small that a man could put them in bys

mouth together." CURIOUS CULLINGS.

The Araba, when they wish to pronounce their most forcible malediction, say, "May thy soul know no more rest than the hat on the head of a European."

Coins are weighed at the mint to a hair's

weight. Not long since a hair fell inte the weighing machine, and until it was discovered a large amount of coins were A Chilian merchant used to defy forgers by placing one thumb on the paper he wished to sign and tracing its outline; hed to sign and tracing its

outlined that, and his signature was com-In Texas there is a stone about twenty feet in dismater that has wonderful mag-netic power. It is said that it will draw placed but to lifteen feet away on the

then he placed the other thumb across,

In Ashantee no man is ever allowed to is death. These warm during the working season attend to the king's plantations, but the rest of the time they live at Coomacie, the Ashantee capital, where they on cupy two long streets.

Business Men Need Not Drudge,

"It does seem strange to me," said en "It does seem strange to me," said exCongressman West the other day, "why,
some business man cling closely to business all their lifetime. You laugh! Wellbusiness is business, of course, and BenFranklin knew what he was talking about
when he said something about saving a
pently every time you got a chance. Bus
what I mean to say is that a business
man needs't be everlastingly drudging
away simply because he is making lots of gton, wife of thread, ropes, cables, paper, clothing, map, away simply because he is making lots of money. He abouid take a holiday often, and, is a native Horticulturists say that applies grown in